mystery of form, and colour, and sound, to lead us to feel, more deeply than we could otherwise do, the wisdom, and goodness, and power of the supreme artist.

I observe in the third place that art is one in its ruling principles: its various streams flow in obedience to and by virtue of one law; and the painter, the musician, the architect, and the poet, if they have proposed to themselves the same end of design in their respective productions, must, to effect it, use their differing materials after the same manner, and each, in the peculiar vehicle of his art, travel the same road. In other words,—in the expression of the same quality or feeling, the same law of means obtains in all the arts, *i. e.*, the elements must be used upon the same principle: for example,—let the expression sought be grandeur or sublimity: to ensure it, are required the four following qualities or properties, viz., magnitude, breadth, simplicity, power. 1st. The scale must be large. We cannot paint a grand miniature, or write a grand ballad, or perform a grand symphony on the flute, or build a grand cottage. 2ndly. The masses must be broad. We must have broad lights and shadows, broad harmonies and instrumentations, with the judicious use of the unison, and ideas comprehensive and not too precise in definition. 3rdly. The unity of expression must predominate over elaboration of detail. There must be no miniature handling, no curious intricacy of accompaniment, no million-wrinkled draperies, no nigglements and fritterings of expression. 4thly. There must be the full body of colour, tone, relief, and language.

The same law holds rule over any other design of expression, whether direct or modified. Is, for instance, the grand to be expressed through the medium of the awful? Straightway the picture darkens,—all minute ornament is veiled, the clear decided outline is lost, and faint streaks and glimmerings of light serve but to indicate forms, whose undefined magnitude the imagination can but fill up with dread: from the orchestra the melody loses its continuity and appears but at intervals, as the lurid gleam of the setting sun through the thunder cloud, amid the gloomy and undefined roll of wild discordant sequences, which tell to the ear what the shadows of the picture tell to the eye: in the temple recesses, whose limits are buried in darkness as of the grave, and long drawn aisle the termination of which is lost in the duskiness of "dim religious light," are conveyed in like manner to the mind, the same dread certainty of the uncertain; and the poem, in the absence of all minuteness of description, in its ambiguous language, in its thoughts,

> "Shrouded and folded up
> In their own formless barrier,"

darkly embodies a definition of the undefinable.

In the gayful, the elegant, the graceful, the theme? Straightway light sparkles over the canvas like springtide raindrops in the sunbeam: the scale is smaller, the outline involved, flowing and returning on itself, the colouring prismatic in its hues and tones, and the whole is evidenced, not so much by balance of proportion as by the absolute unanimity of the parts: from the orchestra in like manner, the melody sallies out in undulating flow, sparkling with every grace, and turn, and trill that music gives, and with its sportive catches of counterpoint and imitation, with the elegance and the mirth that rings from every note of every part, translates the brilliant hues and forms of the picture into kindred sounds and harmonies: in architecture the fluted Corinthian column, with its floral capital, the light, carved-moulded, and modillioned cornice, sculptured frieze, delicate festoon, wreath, or other emblem of pleasure, convey the same impression; and in the poet's rhyme we

> "Wander, not unseen
> By hedge-row elms and hillocks green;"

Or, listen as

> "The merry bells ring round,
> And the joyful rebeck's sound."

We guess

> "On many a youth and many a maid
> Dancing in the chequered shade;
> And young and old come forth to play
> On a sunshiny holiday."

Nor is it in generalities alone that this unity exhibits itself: if we descend to particulars, we find it still manifested; and the small single touch of light, shade, or colour in the picture,—the single bar or note amid an ocean of rests in the orchestral part; the small and delicate enrichment in panel or cornice, in the building; the slight, but felicitous touch of thought, by means of metaphor or compound epithet, in the poem: all these, so chancelike in themselves, yet so nicely fitted to their respective subjects, that come upon us so unexpectedly, yet so suitably, are but the workings of one purpose, by one law—the expression of one idea through different materials.

The grand aim of each of the arts is so to arrange its varied elements as to procure unity of result. These elements are as follow:—

Poetry	Idea	Design	Feeling or Diction of Sentiment	Style
Painting	Line	Form	Chiaroscuro	Colour
Sculpture	Line	Form	Relievo	
Architecture	Line	Form	Projection	Decoration and Recession (including the coloured parts)
Music	Melody	Mode or key	Harmony	Instrumentation

And a comparison of these elements will show wherein the arts are alike, and have common bearings, and in what respects they differ. Line and form in painting and sculpture, which include grouping and composition, beauty, and grace, expression and action, answer to line and form in architecture, in which the relative magnitude and arrangement of the parts and masses answer to the grouping of the painter and sculptor; and what the background is in painting, as Sir J. Reynolds has remarked, in architecture is the real ground on which the building is erected. Chiaroscuro in painting answers to relievo in sculpture, and to the recession and projection of the parts in architecture; whilst the single element of colour in painting answers to the two elements of colour and decoration in architecture. Texture in architecture, which is not properly an element of art, may answer to handling in sculpture and painting. Poetry and music are equally connected in this way with each other and with the rest; melody in music answering to idea in poetry, and to outline in painting and sculpture, and architecture; and so of the rest.

I am borne out in one of these parallels by the casual observations of more than one writer of celebrity. I have made, as may be observed, diction or style in poetry to correspond with colour in painting; and Washington Irving, in his "Life of Goldsmith," commenting on the friendship between the poet and Sir Joshua Reynolds, remarks,—"they were men of kindred genius, excelling in corresponding qualities of their several arts, for style in writing is what colour is in painting: both are innate endowments, and equally magical in their effects: certain graces and harmonies of both may be acquired by diligent study and imitation, but only in a limited degree; whereas, by their natural possessors, they are exercised spontaneously—almost unconsciously—and with ever-varying fascination." Pope, in his preface to "Homer," makes a similar comparison; and Dryden, in his parallel between poetry and painting, observes, "It is the *versification, tropes, figures, and other elegancies* of language and expression, the *colouring of poetry*, that charm the reader, and beautify the fable or design." The arts being different in their scope, there will be minor laws peculiar to some; but they are still based on the great central principles—natural consequences of them, and they as naturally arise out of the peculiarity of their respective vehicles.

In a finished work of art, in any of its branches, whether it be a poem, a symphony, a statue, or a palace, the elements should be distinct in their variety, being neither confused by the harmony nor by the manner of the contrast, breaking the unity; and this result is obtained in each of the arts in precisely the same way, viz., by making each separate element subject to the law of the whole, as, *per exemplum*, in music the melody should possess to the extent of its elementary capabilities, variety of phrase and accent, harmonised to an unity of idea—to a commensurate extent with the piece when fully harmonised, and should, like the outline of the picture, be the primary key or germ of the finished design.

Art requiring distinctiveness in the variety of its elements, calls for contrast, which is the essence of variety, in its works,—as of light and shade, of colour, of form, of tone, of harmony, of magnitude, of feeling, of expression; and the stronger the contrast, the more perfect the variety,—as the opposition, in painting, of the highest light and deepest shade; in music, of dissonant chords with consonant ones; in sculpture, of opposed attitudes and forms; in architecture, of opposed magnitudes—i. e. the portico, or tower, or centre mass, as opposed to contiguous inferior elevations; in poetry, of contrast of sentiment or expression. But that this contrast may not run to the extreme of contradiction, and thereby destroy the unity of effect, art also requires, by its law of harmony, that these contrasts, even at their strongest, should be connected with the mass of their similar elements. Hence, in painting, the highest light and deepest shadow must not appear as isolated spots, but must, however strong their opposition, maintain a connection with their principal masses,—as in music the discord must have its opposition to the consonance harmonised by its preparation and resolution.

The arts are all liable to the same adverse influences, and subject to the same diseases. Conventionality and copyism, affectation and whim are as prejudicial—as fatal—to one as to another. There are fixed and invariable laws, referring both to design and execution, which no fashion must set aside or modify: and, as in poetry, we have to do not only with the excellence of the ideas embodied, but with the manner in which they are embodied; so in music, in painting, and in all the arts, no one department can be sacrificed or slighted without injury to the other. The great qualities desirable in one art are invariably desirable in all the others, and in the same degree: the important quality of unity, for example, which it is the aim of all alike to produce, is equally indispensable in all, but only to the same extent; for the works of the architect, of the sculptor, and of the painter, require their episodes as well as the heroic poem.

The unity of art is further apparent when we consider how often, unconsciously as it were, the arts will stray into the province, and take the place, of each other,—how eminently one art will assist and elucidate another,—blending and concentrating their lights to the illustration of some important truth, and affecting us so similarly that we cannot separate their results in our minds. Great works of architecture (not monumental ones only), as well as those of sculpture and painting, are sometimes virtually poetry, and record the deeds, and reflect the virtues, of their hero, or sing the glories of a nation. How often do they fill up a hiatus in some historical record. Kings and priests—classes and communities—have written the history of their struggles, and recorded their triumphs, in stone. Their epics strew the breadth of Europe, and wherever, in the east or in the west, civilization has but dawned. A spell to open all hearts may be lodged in even the accessories of a picture. "Vandyke," says Sir Lytton Bulwer, in reference to his management of a celebrated portrait, "was a greater sophist than Hume." "Should we be so apt," writes he, "to compassionate the misfortunes, and forgive the insincerity, of Charles the First, if his pictures had presented him in a bob-wig and pigtail?" History, on the other hand, is painting: heroes are the sitters or models of the epic poet; and, by the way, I would observe, all great actions are poems and pictures, though not written or painted. Glowing words and noble deeds are but varied workings and expressions of the divine afflatus.

All the arts, as we have seen, start from

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